

Euphoria by prettyboiiharringrove

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Summary:

Sex for Billy has always been skin deep and unfulfilling. It's different with Steve, he can feel Steve in his veins, in his bones. He's never known what it was like, real pleasure, absolute bliss, until Steve decided it was time for someone to take care of Billy for once.

Euphoria

No one's ever made Billy cum before. Okay, well that's a lie, he's cum before, any asshole with a working hand can make him cum, but no one's ever made him cum from fucking his pussy or playing with his clit or angling their fingers to hit the perfect spot. It's all been frantic fucks with a few lackluster strokes of his dick so they can say they got him off without putting any work in.

He's been covered in his own jizz, but he's never clenched down on someone's dick while his entire body shudders and he sees stars. He thinks part of it might be his own fault, that he's not comfortable enough in his own body, always too tense with someone cautiously stroking between his folds or being too rough with his clit. Maybe he just can't relax enough.

All the guys he's ever been with have sharp fucking fingernails or no clue what they're doing so he's barely patient enough to be wet enough for them to fuck him, and then he tells them to get inside him or he's leaving. They all think he's gagging for it, so desperate for some good dick that he just can't wait, but they all cum and leave him barely satisfied if at all.

Billy likes Steve, like he really fucking likes him, so he's more nervous than he's ever been because if Steve can't get him off it's not just going to be aggravating, it's going to be disappointing too. It's not like he can tell Steve what to do, he's never even been able to get there himself, so how can he instruct Steve on how to give him an orgasm?

At first it's just necking, Billy's got his shirt off and Steve's on top of him, biting and sucking at his neck and chest, marking him up like it's his fucking job; if it was, he'd be due for a goddamn promotion because boy is he good with that mouth.

Billy's not sure how long they lay there getting high on the taste of each other and exploring their bodies, mapping out every smooth patch of skin, every birthmark, every muscle, but next thing Billy knows Steve's pulling away, inching his hand towards the hem of Billy's pants and looking to him for permission.

Billy bites down on his lip, but he nods. He thinks maybe he'll get a hand job and hell, that's better than what he's been getting so why the fuck not, but then those long fingers are dipping between his folds and a shiver runs down his spine at the light spark of pleasure that rushes over him; Steve groans with how wet Billy is.

Billy for a moment just gives into Steve's touch, but then his muscles tense as he starts to overthink things. He really wants this to work out, and he thinks maybe it might as Steve's thumb finds his clit. That's the fastest anyone's ever been able to find it and he's whimpering as Steve traces the little nub, his index finger teasing his hole.

Billy whines when Steve pulls away, but Steve shushes him and the next thing Billy knows, Steve is stripping him of his jeans, pulling his thighs apart, and settling in between them. He shivers as Steve's hair tickles his thigh, and then jumps as he feels Steve's warm tongue start to stroke his clit. Soon his fingers are back, and he's gently easing his index finger in.

It feels so fucking good, better than anything he's ever been able to do, and everything that's ever been done to him pales in comparison to what Steve's doing. Steve's tongue and one slim finger are doing more to please him than an entire string of guys could do with their entire fucking body.

"More, f-fuck Steve, gimme more," he begs, and Steve gives it to him easily, his middle finger easing in to join his index, pumping in and out of Billy with ease. Billy's sure he's never been this wet in his life. Steve should feel proud.

Billy is arching his back, choking back a sob as he feels it coming, and he's not sure why but he freaks out a little, forces himself to call out to Steve. "W-wait, Steve, s-stop, hold on!!"

Steve, to his credit, pulls away without a second thought and Billy, despite being the one that called it off, can't help when his hips twitch, his body trying to follow his fingers.

"What's wrong ?? I hurt you ??"

“No, god no, you’re perfect,” Billy praises, and truth be told he’s not sure why he stopped Steve, other than the fact that this part, being on the brink of pure bliss, is new to him, and not knowing what’s going to happen makes him feel out of control.

“Then what’s wrong??” Steve’s hand rests on Billy’s thigh, his thumb absently stroking the smooth skin and it does serve to sooth Billy’s nerves a little.

“It’s just, I’ve never...” Billy bites his lip, unsure of how to explain things and honestly a little embarrassed.

“You’ve never what ??” Steve doesn’t seem judgmental, or even annoyed like most guys would be, just confused and a little concerned.

“No one’s ever been able to, ya know...” Steve doesn’t know, but he can hazard a guess. The target isn’t a small one, he’ll probably hit it easy and Billy will blush so hard he’ll look like a goddamn cherry tomato when he gets it right.

“Shit, you’ve never cum before, have you ??”

“No!! I have,” Billy says defensively.

“...Okay?” Steve isn’t sure what else Billy could be talking about, but he waits patiently, eager to do whatever makes Billy comfortable.

“It’s just always been my dick, y’know ?? No one’s ever cared enough to try it this way so like, I don’t actually know what it’s gonna feel like, and I guess I’m a little freaked out,” he relaxes his shoulders when he finally gets it all out, like he’s relieved he doesn’t have to keep it all to himself anymore. It helps that Steve isn’t looking at him like he’s some kind of freak.

“You trust me??”

Billy finally takes a breath, thinks if he holds it in any longer he might turn blue or pass out. He’s already feeling light headed and floaty, high on pleasure he’s never felt before. He could marry Steve for his fucking fingers alone.

“Y-yeah,” he nods dumbly. “Trust you more than anyone.” And it’s true, easiest question he’s ever had to answer, because Billy doesn’t actually trust anyone other than Steve.

“Then relax, just let me take care of you sweetheart. You trust me to take care of you??”

Sweetheart. That catches him off guard for a bit, takes its place next to pleasure, makes something warm bubble up in his chest, something akin to affection and worship. It takes him a minute to register the question.

Billy swallows hard, coming out of his haze just a little to think. Trusting Steve and trusting Steve to make him cum are two entirely different things, and Billy’s track record when it comes to great sex isn’t the strongest, at least not when it comes to his own pleasure, so it’s not as easy to answer. Still, he finds that he does trust him, or at least he trusts him to try his best.

“Yeah, I do,” it’s as simple as that, and as he looks down at Steve he nods, taking a deep breath and letting Steve know it’s okay to keep going, that he’s fucking *desperate* for him to keep going.

Steve gets back to work like he never stopped to begin with, a man on a mission, all gentle touches with only one intention — pleasuring Billy.

Right when Billy thinks it can’t get any better, that this is the closest he’s ever going to get to true bliss, Steve curls his fingers and he must hit something inside of him because Billy lets out this embarrassing half squeak half moan and arches up off the bed. He can practically feel Steve’s smirk, but he doesn’t have time to focus on it before Steve is back to lapping up his juices, picking up speed, practically punching the air out of Billy’s lungs. All Billy can do is grab at the bed sheets and moan.

He feels something building inside of him, his stomach muscles tightening as it gets harder and harder to breathe. He’s been here before, but never this close, never this strong.

He reaches for Steve, one hand grasping at his shoulder, fingernails

digging in deep, his other hand gripping tightly and tugging on his hair. He's trembling, so close to the edge just waiting to fall.

"Please Steve, o-oh fuck, *please*," Billy doesn't know what he's asking for but Steve seems to, because his free hand is holding down Billy's thigh to steady him while Steve's fucking fingers, his goddamn magical fingers pick up the pace on that perfect spot and Steve goes from kitten licks on his clit to alternating between sucking and lapping with such vigor you'd think he was born to do this.

The way Billy's body reacts, melts under Steve's touch and just takes and takes, the way Billy moans and whimpers with such unadulterated bliss, you'd think he was made for this too. Billy never knew it could be this good. He knew it could be more than he's been given, but he'd never expected this.

"I think I'm gonna, fuck S-Steve I'm gonna—" Billy cuts himself off, a high pitched cry escaping him as his grip tightens on Steve, his eyes rolling back in his head as his entire body shudders, toes curling, pussy clenching and convulsing, still trying to swallow down Steve's fingers.

He came so hard he's still shaking when Steve moves up to kiss him, doesn't even notice the cum on his stomach until Steve wipes it up with his fingers and sucks on them, the taste of slick and spunk on his tongue as he swallows it down like a man starved.

"That was—"

"Amazing?"

"Yeah, fuck Harrington, I didn't. Fuck, I didn't know it could be that good, Jesus Christ," he's panting, and he's still so pliant, the least tense he's been in months. Steve barely has to do anything to pull Billy against his chest, he goes so easily.

He feels like jelly, but he'll go wherever Steve leads him.

"God you're beautiful," Steve tells him, licking the sweet taste of Billy off his lips. Billy rolls his eyes, tries to hide the blush that tints his cheeks. He doesn't know how Steve can still give him butterflies after

what they've just done. He shakes his head, dizzy on the comedown.

"Harrington, I think I finally realized why they call you King Steve," he's only half joking, and Steve can see the worship and wonder in Billy's eyes, but he still scoffs.

Steve hopes this isn't the last time Billy lets him touch him like this. If he could get him pleasure drunk every day, he would, and he says as much, wants him to know just how goddamn good it feels to know he's the one that made Billy feel that way.

Billy has no idea how he got so fucking lucky, but he'll let Steve touch him whenever he damn well pleases if it'll always feel like that, and he'll let him fuck him too, let him use him and bruise him, if it means he can take that pleasure and give it in return.

Once Billy has a chance to catch his breath he's smirking, rolling over to straddle him, capturing Steve's lips in a bruising kiss before pulling away to speak.

"My turn to take care of you pretty boy."